

Vol 7
#1

MEASURE

1944 - 1945



MEASURE



1944 - 1945

ST. JOSEPH'S *of* INDIANA

Collegeville, Indiana

MEASURE

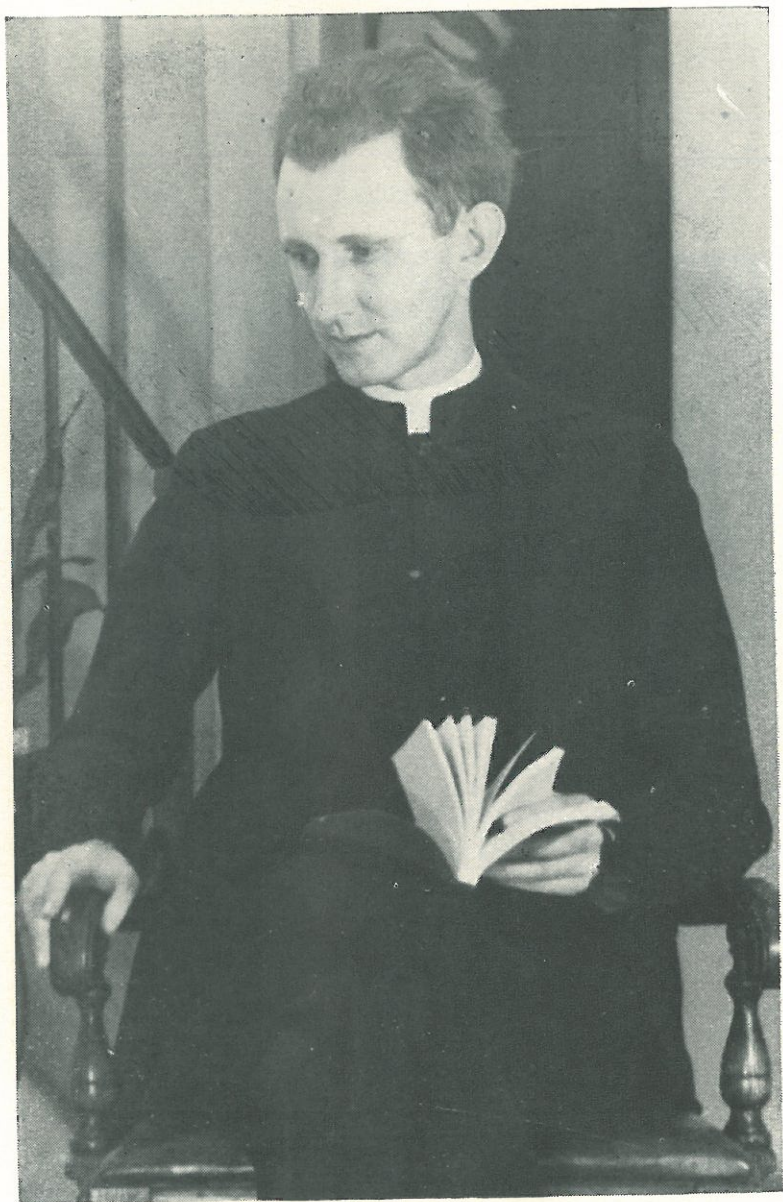
Volume VII

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Father Paul F. Speckhaugh, C.M.S.

1905 - 1944

TO Father Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S., Ph.D., who as faculty advisor of *MEASURE* so painstakingly directed the progress of the literary quarterly since it was introduced in the autumn of 1937, this issue of the publication is dedicated. The tributes to him which follow are only a sampling of what might have been obtained. From Father Henry Lucks, his superior; from Mr. Kenton Kilmer his friend; from one of his former students and another student who was on the campus at the time of Father Paul's tragic death, these sincere expressions of manly convictions could have been multiplied by the score.

THESE men were asked to prepare a paper; dozens of others, unbidden, among them alumni and prominent educators who knew Father Paul, have expressed their sympathy in word and in writing at the loss which St. Joseph's of Indiana feels. To all these we are deeply grateful. In our own limited way, we shall endeavor to carry on the traditions which Father Paul established and, though we cannot improve, try to keep for *MEASURE* the high standards which he determined.

In Memoriam

We treasure the memory of a man according to the measure of his share in our life. When the ties that bound him to us are severed abruptly by death, we are made to realize sharply the degree of our dependence upon him. If none can be found to take the place made vacant, we feel that we mourn an irreparable loss. Though few men in public or social life occupy a position so significant for the well-being of their fellow-men, occasionally in an institution a leader arises so profoundly identified with its ideals and aspirations that scarcely anyone can be found to take up his work when death strikes him with a sudden blow. Only time and the keen desire to continue the work well begun produce the new leadership.

The faculty and the students of St. Joseph's of Indiana who profited by the zeal of Father Paul Speckbaugh are, at every turn of their religious and scholastic life, brought face to face with the pain of having lost an inspiring leader. Few men ever shared the rich creative genius of mind and character so unselfishly with others as did this genial young educator and philosopher. His fellow faculty members deplore the untimely departure of one who walked with them the familiar ways of daily life and routine. Not only his own department, but all the departments of the school he loved looked upon him as more than a member, rather as a sage and kindly counsellor who mingled deep understanding with rare sympathy in every problem. He sought not his own ends, but the best interests of others. He received bounteously and gave generously, seeking only that the work, not he himself, prosper.

Father Paul Speckbaugh was born February 25, 1905, in Cincinnati, Ohio, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Speckbaugh. His elementary education was completed in his native city, at St. Mark's Parochial School. On September 9, 1919, he entered the preparatory seminary of the Society of the Precious Blood at Burkettsville, Ohio. His college work he completed at St. Charles Major Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio. After graduation in theology at the same school, he was ordained a priest on May 14, 1931.

As a student, he showed a great preference for the study of arts and letters; the seminary publication, *Nuntius Aulae*, bears evidence

of his discriminating taste for the refined and the beautiful in both thought and style. A rare delicacy of character usually associated with the term, poetic, marked all his dealings with others.

After his ordination, Father Paul, as he was familiarly called, was appointed instructor at the minor seminary of the Society of the Precious Blood at Canton, Ohio. In the year following, he entered the Catholic University of America to major in English. In 1936 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

From 1936 until his sudden and accidental death on October 8, 1944, he was associated with St. Joseph's of Indiana at Collegeville. As head of the department of English, Director of the Columbian Literary Society, of the Newman Club, of the Curtain Club, faculty advisor of the college quarterly literary review, *Measure*, his insistence on the highest standards of excellence left an abiding impression on both students and faculty.

The crowded hours still had room for his literary work. Most notable were his poetic contributions to such magazines as *Spirit*, *Clarion*, *Columbia*, *The Catholic World*, and *Lyric*. It is the hope of his friends that these and other poems, still in manuscript, will soon be published in book form, a slender but golden sheaf of beauty.

The profound and painstaking character of his work is evidenced by his doctoral dissertation: *Some General Canons of Literary Criticism Determined from an Analysis of Art*. In this opus, depth and beauty mingle. Yielding to the urging of many friends, Father Speckbaugh sought to revamp and revise this work so that it might serve as a much-needed text for the philosophy of art and literary criticism. In this task death overtook him.

Few men there are in the field of philosophy today who do not feel the need of the synthetic integration of knowledge, science, art, education, and social aims. Professor John Ulric Nef, in *Universities Look for Unity*, speaks of the "relation of knowledge to the great recurring moral, intellectual, and aesthetic problems of man as an individual and in society." Sharp criticism has been leveled at our schools and our schoolmen for the lack of this unity. Never one to criticize sharply, Father Speckbaugh did seek to second this criticism in a positive way by setting forth a plan of integration of knowledge. His contribution to the *Catholic School Journal* of September 1943,

entitled "Integration in Education," was followed by a comprehensive plan, still in manuscript, which was to serve as a basis and an ideal for the achievements of St. Joseph's of Indiana. There are definite assurances that this nobly ambitious work will be published soon.

Noble plans filled Father Speckbaugh's mind. And they were constantly shared with others. Such friends as Kenton Kilmer and Carolyn Giltinan found his company an inspiration, and to Kilmer is credited the statement that Father Speckbaugh's poetic talent was of the highest quality, and that only the multitudinous tasks of college duties prevented him from being numbered among America's leading poets.

Father Paul's voice and presence will be missed in many educational gatherings. He was an active member in the Modern Language Association, the National College English Association, the National Council of Teachers of English, the Indiana Association of College Teachers of English, the Shakespeare Association, the Catholic Poetry Society of America, the National Theatre Conference, the American Historical Society, the Indiana Philosophical Association.

The expressions of sympathy from his many friends were deeply appreciated by the faculty of St. Joseph's. To that faculty, they are an incentive, we might call them a challenge, to continue the noble work which death cruelly halted. It was characteristic of Father Paul's life that he labored unselfishly for others. One who knew him well summed up his life and work in the single word, noble. The man who works untiringly for others, suffers personal hardships and even disappointments so that others may go forward, so that others may reap preferment even at his own expense, that man is truly noble in the best sense of the word. Only from the profound depths of a life truly spiritual could come the sincere devotion to the highest ideals as we find them in Father Paul. That higher tolerance which is possessed by men of good will was found pre-eminently in him. He could and did cooperate with men of the most diverse character and conviction. It is our resolve to continue his unfinished tasks. The inspiration of his virtues, his ideals, his character, and his work will ever abide with us.

Indiana Philosophical Association
Indianapolis, April 7, 1945

Henry A. Lucks, President
St. Joseph's of Indiana

Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S.

MR. KENTON KILMER

Father Paul Speckbaugh, priest of love and poet of love, comes before my mind as an altar candle—purity and flame, wholly consecrated to God, and shedding a warm light for us all.

Father Paul had many talents. Others may speak from knowledge of his abilities as a teacher, which I must take on faith—but from my knowledge of him I am sure he must have been one of the most inspiring teachers ever known. This was his primary vocation, as priest in a teaching confraternity. His conversation about educational theories was filled with gaiety and excitement and the kind of novel idea that surprises by its truth as much as by its novelty.

As a poet, Father Paul necessarily fell short of the best that was in him. His priestly and teaching duties left little leisure, and I think his poetry suffered also from too meagre and infrequent communication with other poets. Nevertheless, its merits remain evident—a vividness of vision and power of emotion that make themselves felt through occasional awkwardnesses of phrasing and lapses in music. He wrote memorably and well, giving evidence of a power that would have carried him far had he made poetry his chief interest.

Poetry, however, was only one of many ways in which Father Paul glorified God. And of the many facets of his personality and career, I should not be surprised if Father Paul's influence were to prove greatest and longest lasting in the field of the philosophy of art. His doctoral dissertation, done in 1936, for the Catholic University of America, deserves a better fate than to rest in the limbo of the general run of doctoral dissertations. Entitled *Some General Canons of Literary Criticism Determined from an Analysis of Art*, it is a thorough and original study of the subject.

Writers on art have too frequently been deficient either in a practical knowledge of any art, or in the use of the philosophic method of organizing knowledge. Father Paul, as a practising poet, with his own excellent taste and fervent interest in beauty as a groundwork, proceeded to a deep study of the acknowledged masterpieces of painting, architecture, sculpture and music, and took into account the writings on these arts by their famous practitioners. All

this, with a comprehensively philosophical mind, he worked into a logical basis for artistic criticism, and then applied criticism based upon it to a selected group of literary masterpieces.

That was an ambitious project, and its successful accomplishment should mean much for the future of art and artistic criticism. The fine work begun by this dissertation was continued at intervals in articles published in *Spirit*: "Poetry and Propaganda," September, 1937; "Restraint," September, 1938; "Substance and Form," November, 1939; and "Poetic Drama," July, 1941. If there are others, I shall hope to learn of them. These are a set of articles and go deeply into basic principles, and equally deeply into concrete and contemporary facts.

The article on Poetic Drama lights up a facet of Father Paul's character that I have always felt most typical and charming—the way he would hand out idea after idea for books, poems and articles to be done by me, or, I suppose, by any other friend with whom he might be talking. It is filled with suggestions for poetic plays to be written by any contemporary Catholic dramatist who might care to take them up. There simply was not time for Father Paul to do one hundredth of the things he wanted done and knew how to do, so he sowed his ideas broadcast. May God grant that many of them may bear fruit.

A Letter To An Old Friend Lately Summoned Into Heaven

LIEUT. RICHARD M. SCHEIBER

Dear Father Paul:

News of your death carried the greatest shock in years. I must have read that first paragraph of Ed's letter fifty times. It was hard to believe—Father Paul Speckbaugh, walking the familiar stretch of highway from the college into town, struck down and killed. It couldn't be. You had done so much. There was so much to do.

The day of that letter is firmly etched in memory. The same sounds went on—kids playing outdoors, pans rattling in the kitchen, a dog barking, but I heard not a thing. Back on the St. Joe campus that first day you had just said, "Hello there young fellow—are you sure you want to major in English?" I could hear those words plainly, and more . . . "Give them what is good for them—not what they want" . . . "You fellows are here to learn to think" . . . "I like a man with his head in the clouds, but with his feet on the ground . . ." I want you to develop this topic for MEASURE . . . think about it . . . see what you can do with it."

It does little good to say you are being sorely missed. We intend to keep praying for you. When our own moment arrives, we expect to see you up there quietly smiling behind St. Peter, and probably jesting, "Hello there young fellow, sure you want to come in here?"

We mourn your passing, Father Paul. The college will never quite replace you. In the heart of your people there will always be an ache. Charlie, Bill, Ed and I will be less as men because you left so soon. Carrying on will be a little lonelier.

In our minds you were a kindly prince of the Church. We can still see you at morning Mass, or in ceremonial processions. You were at the same time a good sport and an humble, reverent man. The guys liked that in you.

You had a creative mind which left many of us struggling in the mire. You put in long hours, valiantly championing your beliefs—Catholic poetry, Catholic authors, the Catholic press and Catholic Action. You spoke at conferences, led discussions, organized and kept

alive campus clubs. You made extra trips, took on extra duties, wrote extra letters and many articles. Many nights you sat up late producing campus plays, helping Charlie on art projects, Bill on stage designs, Ed on a new story. And when these embryonic ideas matured and became successes, you remained in the background. You passed plaudits on to others.

In class you drove us hard, waking up lethargic minds. Perhaps you paused occasionally for a moment of humor, but mainly you spurred us on—so much to absorb in so little time. So little time. You kept hammering Shakespeare, Literary Criticism, Music Appreciation, Catholic Letters, Pro-Seminar. You were moderator at C.L.S. and Curtain Club meetings. Out through the Raleigh Club rooms after those sessions would filter wisps of sentences . . . "Say Gus, did you notice how nicely Speckie told Bob where to get off?" . . . "Yeah, like a rapier against a broad-sword" . . . "Cut him to ribbons with a few friendly remarks." For that was another way you helped us—quietly ending verbal student battles with a well-chosen word or two. You were a vital part of St. Joe.

Graduation Day, 1941, came quickly, and I can still recall your brilliant Ph.D. robe. Blinking a last goodbye in the afternoon sunlight, you were happy for each one of us.

Next day many of us marched off to war, eager to apply the things you drummed in. We thought of you back at school—sheltered, comfortable, away from close shaves and sudden death. On that last score you showed us all. I'm thankful you never knew what hit you. God certainly must have needed another young lieutenant in His Heavenly Force. As a favorite son, he drew you out of the dreary trenches of earth into the all-seeing prospective of eternity. A break you richly deserved.

You left those who knew you many things. Your greatest gift was the will to push a right principle, to get across a good idea, to sell a new thought, no matter what the competition. For a frail little man you possessed boundless energy. You saw the way so clearly. You kept crusading.

You are gone. Yet more fully than before you are with all of us throughout the world. It is saddening to think that we must wait until our own time comes to say hello again. Watch over us, Father Paul, and in moments of duress guide your boys.

A Student Remembers

VINCENT J. GIESE

To write a student's reaction to the death of Father Paul Speckbaugh is my assignment. And how should I put into words the thoughts which raced through the student-mind when the news of Father Paul's tragic death electrified the campus last October? How should I express all the innermost emotions suddenly unleashed in the student-heart at that unforgettable moment when Divine Providence once again reminded man how small and frail he is?

Perhaps I should do it this way. Perhaps I should search the student-memory for all the striking, memorable qualities of the one man we knew who was able to walk through life with his head constantly in the heavens, yet who never took his feet off the earth until he died.

In this manner I now look back and now remember a man.

I remember a man who had a heart as huge as his mind, and as full and as open.

I remember a man who constantly walked while he thought and, in all probability, did his deepest thinking while walking.

I remember a man who loved deeply when he lived, and lived fullest when he loved.

I remember a man who slipped through life in much the same manner one would page a book—concerned only with the finest, most important points.

I remember a man who preferred to lead by his example and by suggestion, rather than push with his energy.

I remember a man who was given to much thought and to little conversation, and who, though difficult to talk with, was so easy to be with.

I remember a man who never greeted a student with a gruff slap on the back, but with a pinch on the cheek and a twinkle of the eye—significant of all the fine tastes and sensibilities of that man.

I remember a man who had smiling eyes and a gentle laugh; who never looked at another man, but into him.

These memories I have of Father Paul.

Strangely, I murmur not against Divine Providence for taking from us one beloved, young, and brilliant in his field, even though I know that his loss is immense to St. Joseph's and to humanity. I murmur not, for as each day of this hating, greedy, materialistic war-torn world challenges us, I more fully realize that Father Paul was not of this age nor of its spirit. Not with coal and steam and gas, nor with iron and oil and steel can man's salvation be won; but only with prayer and love, with piety and good works. Of these things, Father Paul was convinced. His life bespoke them. And our merciful God must have been so impressed with Father Paul's convictions that He could not help but draw him unto His heart.

Like each of us, Father Paul knew only a few things of the knowables. Yet unlike many of us, those things which he did know and love and try to live by were the very highest things knowable—God, Goodness, Truth and Beauty. These were his life. He wanted them to be the life of the world. Perhaps, however, Almighty God saw that, try as Father Paul would, he could never reconcile the world to his ideals. He was still only a man. Thus God, no longer desirous of depriving this man of the perfect vision of all those things which he knew on earth only, as it were, like a shadow, took Father Paul from us. Surely God must have smiled radiantly with admiration when He opened unto Father Paul the Beatific Vision. Now, the man is at home—for eternity. I cannot, in justice to the memory of all that he stood for, wish that he be brought back amongst us. I am reconciled.

Still, we have his memory. Indelibly is it impressed upon all who have had the joy of knowing him. He has left that behind for us. May we carry it before our minds always. May we derive inspiration from it to live as he lived, a life of love. May we be guided by it. Someday, then, we know not when, we will join Father Paul to experience all of his eternal joys. And we will wonder at that moment why we too were not called sooner.

I cannot mention here all the lasting memories the students have of Father Paul in his relations with the drama societies. We do remember him, however, as gentle, patient, kind, and perseverent,

satisfied only with perfection. We remember him as a man who could take a handful of boys and mold them, as he would a handful of clay, into a brilliant cast. In this field, his energy was inexhaustible; his productions were unexcelled.

And so in the classroom, his same spirit of gentleness, patience, perseverance, and devotion to the truth prevailed. Like the bard himself, Father Paul's classes in Shakespeare will be unforgotten.

In literary endeavors, it was his passion for truth and beauty that gave depth and style to his writings, both poetry and prose.

This is a student's reaction to Father Paul Speckbaugh. To my mind, these memories of the man are the ones that students discuss and will continue to discuss again and again, whenever they re-trace memory lane. It is in this sense that Father Paul continues to live among us.

Some Poems By Father Paul

REMBRANT MIXES HIS COLORS

Pause now to tell us while you rest your hand
A space—what quality, what spirit, life
It is that fires these colors lying on
Your board. Of what pulse insensitive,
That burning, covered glow? That thing which none
Of men can catch? There, is a daub of black,
But with your brush how soon it will become
The sable of a black bird's wing, a shade
In flight and moving, or a dip in haste
Into the poppy's living flame. That rub
Of yellow never knew the warmth of wine,
Deep wine reflected in a golden cup,
Which it will have anon. How can it be
That white should be as soft as miniver?
That red and umber, slumbering green should be
Not powder of a pestle's force but now
The substance of a new and burning light?
For, all of this we see—but cannot know.
Perhaps when we have seen the dark wet eyes
Of Pain, when Love, a sword, has flashed its last
Long gleam and Truth has brought its gift, the One,
Then shall we know this Beauty's secret heart.

(Permission of the CATHOLIC WORLD)

REVELATION

O white, white Hands of God!
Hands that twined in Mary's hair—
Had You not a treasure there
Dearer far than all the world?

Yet—I pray that I may see
How it is that You could be
'Round a nail so tightly curled!
O red, red Hands of God!

A ROOM AT OSTIA

*This room is bold to make this brave pretense
 Of holding so much of silence and of sight,
 The muted lips, the staring eyes of two;
 Old Monica and her son. The leaden shoes
 Of pain have trampled into wayside death
 All flowers of their minds; the ash fires,
 Now spent, holds dusty warmth for gray-burned words.
 Her breath is softer than the night; its rise
 And fall only now and then are broken—caught
 By the diffidence of a sigh, a hesitant mark
 On this heavy Italian night. His even breath
 Would follow every step of halting thoughts,
 Feeling its way along the sightless path
 Of a road unknown. Together now they look
 Upon the garden and the night, grow full
 With flowers of earth and sky; and even now
 His mother thinks:*

*"My soul must part from him
 To see my God, and yet my Mother's heart
 Must hold him close, must watch him more and more.
 Our love must be like flower in the yard
 Below: when night's swift black has robbed the flame
 From tiger-lily's hearts, men still may feel
 Its presence in the fragrance-heavy air.
 Dear God, this is my son, my flesh, my heart."
 Meanwhile Augustine dreamed:*

*"The distant flowers
 Of stars upon the skiey hills must tell
 My love for her. The farthest petal's light
 Is no less strong despite the league on league
 Of murky separation; throbbing and sure,
 Its ray is mine and so my love must be
 For her, my source of life, Monica, my mother."
 (Unpublished poem, written on the occasion of his
 mother's death.)*

CESAR FRANCK COMPOSES

*Black fire is like the music in my soul;
 It sears and crisps the very edge of thought
 To darkness and despair; it leaps and runs,
 A jetty fringe along the ambient line
 Of the soul's horizon; this solid, pitch-fed flame
 Has set its core beneath my heart and thus
 The body of my mind in martyr-wise
 Burns in contradictory sacrifice
 Upon the cross of doubt. For I must know
 The meaning of man's life; my music is
 The fiery spirit of my quest for truth,
 For life, for light, for steady, falling rain
 To quench the blase and hunger of my doubt.
 Here on the wheel of music and of pain,
 In the sea-tossed bass, the pelting brass, the pluck
 Of fingers on the smallest strings of the soul,
 The tree-blown flutings of the winds, in these
 I make the giddy round of my dark search. .
 For I must know the lean and hungry pull
 That makes the heart go small, the crazy plot
 Of death and birth, the growing tall to shrivel
 Again, all breath and tears and curling laughter,
 The clutch of fingers and the halt of foot;
 These things are life and broken arcs of this
 The wheel of black fire in the endless round
 That makes me ask and ask again.*

II

The brush

*Of silver-burnished wings is bright response
 To my long quest, the answer brought to me
 Out of a dream. The vision is compact
 Of all the light the world can see or hold
 Within its two scooped hands, the sating fill
 For human curiosity, while now
 I send into the shimmering, glinting dome*

*A single bird to climb into my sky.
 The air blown down from distant spheres affrights
 Him not, a distant mountain peak is less
 Than fear to him, ethereal air becomes his own
 To fan and winnow with a carefree heart.
 He climbs in liquid, silver flow to height
 His own to choose, he rises inch by inch,
 He lifts his wings, he tops his peak of light
 And then with ineffable, effortless pause and change
 He swoops to earth again. This bird I know—
 The soul of me and each immortal man.*

III

*With a roar of laugh from the top of the hill, a man
 Immortal, walks into the plain of men.
 He foots his way, erect, with head in the sky,
 The son of wind and stars. No thunderous crash
 Or brackish lightning from the hills can stay
 His coming down. The sun and moon are his
 From God, the lanterns in his eyes; the fields
 Are green remembrances of sober spring.
 He holds the world between his playful hands,
 The gift of his Creator. Once more he laughs,
 For his is an immortal spirit, free
 To be the master of eternity.
 His bones of thought are white and strong, around
 Them quiver nerves of his imaginings,
 But, holding him both taut and straight, are smooth
 And swinging muscles of his will, these keep
 Him free, the man who walks from over the hill.
 *And now I pen the final, holding notes,
 The music done, my single symphony,
 The work of one Parisian organist,
 A man, immortal, free—I Cesar Franck.
 *Unpublished poem. The last four lines were penciled
 out on the typed manuscript.*

MEASURE

QUEEN OF ACTORS

*Their coming on and going off is yours,
 O Lady, yours to keep for God and guide.
 The hands with fingers spread and opened wide
 In fear, the clutched fist that gold adjures
 Revenge, all these for you. The sweet allures
 Of youth, the laughing eyes when they had spied
 First love, the smoldering looks that soon divide
 Weak men, these, too, your keeping safe assures.*

*For you have stood upon the greatest stage
 Of life; in two blood-crimson hands you saw
 The gesture of a God toward man; the Face
 Of Him you loved was masked by sin's dark wage;
 His Eyes He closed for retribution's law;
 Your Son, in death, has walked the sinner's place.*

(Permission of the CATHOLIC WORLD.)

THE CHRIST CHILD WITH POMEGRANATES

*You look at me with eyes of brown, as dark
 As trampled bark of old, old trees. Your hair
 Of deeper hue has caught the brush of gold
 Moth-wing and flashes back the light. Upon
 Your brow an almond flower has lain and left
 The whiteness of its heart. There is that Peace,
 Which hovers o'er the figure of God.
 But see—your fingers know the spreading stain
 Of crimson fruit. You clutch it tight. And yet
 The ruddy pulp will stain no more. It stays—
 To be an omen of another day,
 A day that shall forever bear upon
 Its hours the glory of a Crimson Stain,
 When Beauty limns with colors of His love.*

SOME POEMS BY FATHER PAUL
SYMPHONIE PATHETIQUE

21

Earth

Andante

Deep Earth! Of you there comes this questioning
Which burns like music in my soul; old chords
Go throbbing in their deep unrest, beneath
A flowing sweep of smoother melody.
A burning never cooled. For, these I hear—
Full chords of rich and pregnant soil that move
In all the greatness of fertility.
Black Earth! Men call you prodigal. A loom
Whereon God weaves a silken cloth of thick,
Dark violets, or precious fabric made
Of daffodils, or now a texture dyed
In poppy's blood. An earth which soon will make
An etching of the gift of snow, a loam
All fraught with beauty of one sable night.
Your song is heavy with the tones of life.
I pray that I may feel your deepest throb!
Taut chords, of niggard earth that holds a leash
On growing things. Red silt, that ever lives
So intimate with rocks. On you there cling
Old, tumbling houses, never knowing more
Than that they are a part of you. And deep
Into your veins the straining pine tree digs
Its roots to drink the blood of ages. Free
My heart of this tight fear and hungering
Which makes my soul another house or tree!
Sweeping chords of brown earth so full of life!
The leaves, in childhood, whisper in the wind
And count the youth you are about to bring.
Old toppling trees may fall in graceful sweep
Since they can know that you will closely guard
The crumbling secret of their death. Still more
I long to know the answer to my quest.

MEASURE

*Strange contradictories laden every thing
 Beneath the silver searching of a plow,
 Inert and sluggish, now you mark the way
 With symbol of all gravity. And when
 I turn away, I find you dancing with
 The wind, a dervish, wrapped in rags of dust
 And whistling melodies. And counterpart
 To this I search the attitude of men.*

*When, now, they grind you under heels in scorn,
 Because their pride can never long endure the dust,
 Or push you carelessly from out the path
 Of selfish stone and steel, or, now when I
 Remember peasants' praise for all your gifts,
 Thick fruit and awned wheat, and see a child
 Made happy by your yielding to his hand,
 I know that ever will there burn for me
 This longing deep as earth itself to know
 The meaning of black earth, all earth—this life.*

THE CARPENTER

*Jesus, did You make some toys,
 A masted ship or a wagon small,
 Keeping busy in the shop
 And answering only Mary's call?*

*Once, perchance, You made a box—
 A handy thing for Mother's thread—
 And when You brought it in to her,
 She kissed Your mussed and golden Head.*

*Here: take this curious little box:
 The trusting heart of another boy.
 Will You keep it for Your own:
 And make of it a precious toy?
 (Permission of CARILLON Magazine.)*

Editorial

One treasures the last words of a dying friend and is wont to find in them a particular significance. Just before Father Paul Speckbaugh pushed back his typewriter after he had written the critical notes as was his custom for the spring, 1944, issue of the literary quarterly, he set down these lines:

If in the inscrutable Ways of God's Loving Providence this should be the last issue of MEASURE for some little time, we all humbly acknowledge and submit to that Will. According to God's plan, we pray, the quarterly will again come to life with new-born vigor and zeal.

My own modest hope has been that our Magazine, like a gem, has caught in one or two facets something of brilliance of learning, and, like a tinder, it has kindled with the flame of Catholic Action, and, like a string, it has vibrated to the song of beauty, but whether these stumbling figures of a cord, a stick and a stone are true or not, the will has been there to serve Christ and His Church under the guidance of Catholic education and with the invocation of the Precious Blood.

Evidently Father Paul feared that because of greatly reduced enrollment in the college during the war years, publication of the magazine might have to be suspended temporarily. What counts, however, is his humble and deep faith—his docile acceptance of what Divine Providence permits; that and the principle which motivated his life, so excellently expressed as a parting thought.

Conscious as we are of our own inability ever to approach the scholarship of Father Paul, or to inspire as he did the enthusiasm for perfection that is so necessary to acquire mastery of the printed word, we have courage to carry on; for in whatever we attempt, there will always be his inspiration and, more than that, his intercession to help us.

Only in a sense has Father Paul laid down his pen. For the material tools with which he wrought during life, he has substituted celestial invocation. May we so live as to deserve its benefits.

Burnt Toast

VINCENT J. GIESE

It is a typical morning in the Jones home. Mr. Jones is trying to drink his coffee and read the *Morning Bugle* at the same time. Three times as busy as any one woman has a right to be, Mrs. Jones is torn between junior's lunch and keeping the toast from burning. But this is a typical American family. That's the way it starts each morning.

"Look here, mother; isn't this a picture of the young woman who belongs to your Red Cross chapter?" asks Mr. Jones of his wife. "It says here her father was arrested last night for starting a rumpus at the Yacht Club." And the gossip starts. Junior's lunch is forgotten. The toast burns. And the entire Jones family becomes engrossed in a lively "I always thought so," or "I told you so" discussion. From beginning to end, the life history of the young woman of the Red Cross chapter is analyzed. Call it human nature, or the American way, or what you will, these are the facts.

What is the significance of all this? More important, what are the consequences? Behind a little incident like this, is much thought for those of us who like to analyze things. Let's do a little analyzing, for the complications are many. Better still, let's have a little argument on the question. It will be more fun that way, and more revealing too. At least it will be good mental exercise.

Before we start analyzing and arguing, however, we had better state our problems. The problem itself is very simple. When the *Morning Bugle* published this picture of Miss W., a respected young woman in the community who enjoyed a clean reputation and a good name, in connection with a news story about a crime her father committed, did it violate her right of privacy? Evidently Miss W. thought so, for she filed a complaint against the paper for invading her right of privacy by exposing her to contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, and tending to deprive her of social enjoyment among right-thinking people.

What's the verdict? Does a person, in law, have a right of privacy? If so, did the *Morning Bugle*, in this instance, violate it? What does precedent in law say about such a right? If such a right isn't

recognized, do you think the ethics of journalism demands its recognition? Our little incident in the Jones home is becoming complicated, isn't it? I wonder if we can straighten it out? Let's try.

We'll suppose that it is up to us to render a verdict in this case. You and I will take the side of a sincere Catholic, for that's what a Catholic college student is supposed to be. Having had a smattering of our Catholic philosophy, we won't be afraid to call in our ethical principles to determine our convictions. And like true scholastics, we'll present our opponents' arguments, too. That's only fair. Then, we will let objectivity decide the case.

Concisely, the right of privacy means the right to be let alone, the right of a person to be free from unwarranted publicity, or the right to live without unwarranted interference by the public in matters in which the public is not necessarily concerned. *American Jurisprudence* gives this fairly comprehensive definition of the right of privacy:

"The unwarranted appropriation or exploitation of one's personality, the publicizing of one's private affairs with which the public has no concern, or the wrongful intrusion into one's activities, in such manner, as to outrage or cause mental suffering, shame, or humiliation to a person of ordinary sensibilities."

Did you notice the word *personality* in the above definition? That touches off something inside us, doesn't it? Isn't it man's personality that our Catholic philosophy seeks to defend because of its dignity? As Catholics we must at all times defend this doctrine by recognizing not only the dignity, but also the rights of the human person. The right of privacy is such a right. Our conception of law and society demands that these rights be respected as inalienable and absolute, and that they be recognized, whether by newspapers or individuals. Surely the right of privacy is implied in the very nature of man. It is a part of the broad right of "inviolable personality."

Perhaps a brief history of this right in its legal interpretations will enlighten us on how it has been recognized in the past. In 1890 the right of privacy was introduced and defined as an

independent right in a law review article by Warren and Brandeis. In this article, the distinctive principles upon which this right is based were formulated. After fifty years, the doctrine still is in its infancy. Only roughly has it been sketched in judicial decisions. In the majority of states it still is undetermined. California, the District of Columbia, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, and Pennsylvania have definitely approved it, while Louisiana and New Jersey seem in favor of it. South Carolina has expressly recognized it, and a court in Indiana has been favorable to it. New York and Rhode Island have denied the existence of the legal right of privacy. Three courts of other jurisdictions have indicated a doubt of its existence. Comparatively new in its legal interpretation, the right of privacy, in scope, applies to publications and other invasions in which nothing libelous is involved but in which the feelings of the individual may be hurt, because of modesty or abhorrence of publicity. As far as newspapers are concerned, up to the present the right has extended only to the use of photographs, or details of private life. At the present time, courts are giving quite a bit of consideration to this right. It can be expected that some future law on the subject will be developed.

Getting back to our argument, to chalk up a few points for our position in defending the existence of this right, its inviolability, and the need of defined legal legislation on the subject, as demanded by the ethics of journalism, we find that the majority of the courts concerned with this right have affirmed its existence.

"Preponderance of authority supports the view that independently of the common right of property, contract, reputation, and physical integrity, there is a legal right called the right of privacy, the invasion of which gives rise to a cause of action."

The *American Law Institutes Restatement* comments as follows:

"A person who unreasonably and seriously interferes with another's interest in not having his affairs known to others or his likeness exhibited to the public is liable to the other." (Torts, Vol. 4, No. 867).

In the case of *Henish V. Meier & F. Co.*, the court adopted the view that:

"There is a right of privacy, distinct of itself and not merely incidental to some other recognized right, for breach of which an action would lie."

Concerning the theoretical basis of the right of privacy, however, there has been a diversity of viewpoints. Some jurists predicate it upon the constitutional guaranties of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, insofar as the right of life embraces the right of quiet existence out of public gaze, the right of liberty implies a right to choose between a public and a private career, and the right to happiness implies freedom from annoyances and unwarranted publicity. Decisions of the courts can be pointed to where the right was established upon such constitutional guaranties.

In the case of *Melvin V. Reid*, the court decided that the right to pursue and obtain happiness by its very nature includes the right to live free from the unwarranted attack of others upon one's liberty, property, and reputation. The court decided in another case, *Povesich V. New England Mutual L. Ins.*, that:

"Liberty includes the right to live as one will, so long as that will does not interfere with the rights of another or of the public. The body of the person cannot be put on exhibition at any time or at any place without his consent. If personal liberty embraces the right of publicity, it no less embraces the correlative right of privacy."

Still, there has been criticism of the basing of the right of privacy upon these constitutional guaranties. Some hold that there is little to support the argument that these provisions have little effects of guaranteeing this specific right to individuals; or that it merely is an excuse to respect the coming of this 'new-comer' right. They call it a fictitious basis. Though admitting the right, these objectors say its violation is actionable because it is a wrong which the courts have come to recognize and for which they offer a remedy. Doesn't it seem to be a species of loose reasoning, however, to call a right man has by his very nature a 'new-comer' right, just because the courts have only recently admitted its legal existence. It is a 'new-comer' only insofar as it has only recently come into prominence in the courts.

Others have established the basis of the right of privacy in Natural Law. In the judgment of the case of *Povesich V. New England Mut. L. Ins.* the court stated:

"The right of privacy has its foundation in the instincts of nature. It is recognized intuitively, consciousness being the witness that can be called to establish its existence. A right of privacy in matters purely private is, therefore, derived from the Natural Law."

By Natural Law, which comes from Eternal Law, we understand that by nature there is an order or disposition which human reason can discover and according to which the human will must act in order to attune itself to the necessary ends of human being.

As such, Natural Law not only prescribes things to be done or not to be done, but it also recognizes the rights man has by nature. A human person possesses rights because he is a person, a master of himself and his acts. Natural Law signifies that a person has rights to be respected. The right to be let alone would seem to find its most logical basis in this Natural Law. And it is significant that many courts have based this right on Natural Law. Above all, such a basis offers a most powerful argument why our courts must recognize this right, and define its scope.

Since the Industrial Revolution, this age has been liberalistic in thought. Perhaps this liberalism has been one of greatest causes of the slowness of courts to do anything definite about this right of privacy in defining it as a fundamental right of man. Did not the courts encourage such liberalism when they fostered the *laissez-faire* theory of economics in their decisions by giving industry unlimited freedom in conducting its business? Cardozo writes, in *The Nature of the Judicial Process*:

"Fifty years ago, I think it would have been stated as a general principle that *A.* may conduct his business as he pleases, even though his purpose is to cause loss to *B.*, unless the act involves the creation of a nuisance."

With the growing complexity of social relations, however, the courts have since re-formulated this principle, for today *A.* may never do anything in business for the purpose of injuring another without reasonable and just excuse.

Is it not time for the courts similarly to develop a principle which would prevent newspapers from doing anything which will injure another, such as an invasion of the right of privacy does injure another? Liberalism would say an emphatic No, that newspapers must not be hindered in the conduct of their business, regardless of the loss to another. The liberalistic tendency has caused our newspapers to hide too often behind the skirts of the freedom of the press. Indeed this freedom must be preserved, but it must be sanctioned. Granted this work of formulating the right of privacy will be a slow, inch by inch process, still it must take place. This right must be developed to meet the existing, complex social relations of today, which have been brought about by improved methods of communication and intercourse. Thankfully, our courts are recognizing the necessities of the age, for an evolution in legally defining the right of privacy is taking place today. It needs more encouragement, however, from different groups. This is the role Catholics can play, especially those Catholics working in the fields of law and journalism.

One of the arguments offered by a minority of the courts concerning the existence of this right is that in the absence of statute there is no right of privacy, which as a distinctive legal right and independently of the established principles relating to property, contract, and libel, will support an action at law or in equity. (*Robeson V. Rochester Folding Box Co.*) This can be admitted, but we can well ask the question, Why is there an absence of statute?

Such a view holds that the invasion of privacy and unwarranted notoriety are beyond the domain of positive law; and that a person is protected against such wrongs only by a voluntary observance by others of a code of common decency. This tastes of liberalism, too, for are we allowed to hold that morality is something subjective and relative, something which can change with the winds, as a code of common decency could change? As Catholics we cannot accept this, for we believe that morality is something objective and absolute, unchangeable through the ages.

In the case of *Robeson V. Rochester Folding Box Co.*, Judge Parker denied the existence of the right of privacy on two

grounds. First, that the recognition of such a right would open up a vast field of litigation, some of it bordering on the absurd; secondly, that the supposed right was not mentioned by any of the great commentators, nor sustained by any precedent. Let's analyze these two objections somewhat in detail.

Judge Parker's first objection, that the recognition of the right of privacy would open up a vast field of litigation, some of it bordering on the absurd, is sound enough in itself, for any logical attempts to apply the law would necessarily mean that the doctrine could not only be limited to the restraint of the publication of a likeness, but would also embrace the publication of a word picture, a comment upon one's looks, conduct, domestic relations, and habits.

This is not an insurmountable difficulty, however, if we recall the definition of the right of privacy stated above, namely, that it involves only a "wrongful intrusion into one's activities, in such manner, as to outrage or cause mental suffering, shame, or humiliation to a person of ordinary sensibilities." Certainly our courts will have enough prudence to interpret each case accordingly, and thus be able to ascertain when a breach really exists. What a newspaper is permitted to say or not say will determine many of these decisions.

Concerning Judge Parker's second objection, doesn't it seem like incorrect reasoning to hold that just because no great commentator mentioned this right, or that no precedent upholds it, the right does not exist? Is the existence of this right dependent upon this? Judge Parker seems to forget that the reason why no great commentator of the past has defined it, or why no precedent has been established concerning it, is that this right has been violated to any considerable degree only within recent years especially since the development of printing and the newspaper business. Previous to this progress in communication, violation of the right of privacy was not frequent.

As for the judge's appeal to precedent, precedent is not an iron-clad law. Precedent has been broken before, and it will be broken in the future. We must be wary of too much conservatism in judicial actions, for it tends to rob legislation of its efficacy.

Writes Cardozo, in the book already quoted from:

"There should be greater readiness to abandon an untenable position, particularly when in its origin it was the product of institutions or conditions which have gained a new significance or development with the progress of the years."

Not that we are advocating that precedent be discarded. That would be an absurd thought. But it can and should be relaxed where time after time it has been found to be inconsistent with justice and social welfare. A violation of the right of privacy surely is inconsistent with justice and social welfare.

There are other objections. Some hold that because men do not possess the same delicacy of feelings, law can't make a right of action depend upon the sensitiveness of another. Again, we can trust the judgment of the court to solve this difficulty. Such difficulties are insignificant in comparison to the wrongs that are committed because this right of privacy has not been clearly defined. This we must always bear in mind.

Having reviewed the case of the right of privacy on trial, what is our verdict? I think we must admit that Miss *W.* has a right of privacy, and that it was violated by the *Morning Bugle* when the paper published her picture in connection with a crime her father committed, and in which she was not involved. More than this, however, we have seen that this right of the human person, grounded in Natural Law as it seems to be, needs a very thorough definition in the courts. Not only would the clarification and universal recognition of this right prevent the person from willful and wrongful exploitation by others, but it would, I think, serve as a check on the sensationalistic tendencies of newspapers today. This is most important. It would incline our newspapers better to fulfill their function as a service to the community, and restrain their harmful influence to society so evident today.

This was clearly brought out in the words of Warren and Brandeis when they wrote:

"The press is overstepping in every direction the obvious bounds of propriety and of decency. Gossip is no longer the resource of the idle and vicious, but has

become a trade which is pursued with industry as well as effrontery."

Judge Gray, in his dissent to the *Robeson V. Folding Box Co.*, case stated:

"In the social evaluation with the march of arts and sciences and in the resultant effects upon organized society, it is quite intelligible that new conditions must arise in personal relations which the rules of common law, cast in the rigid mold of an earlier social status, were not designated to meet. It would be a reproach to equitable jurisprudence if equity were powerless to extend the application of the principles of common law or natural justice in remedying a wrong which, in the progress of civilization, has been made possible as the result of new social or commercial conditions. Security of person is as necessary as the security of property; and for that complete personal security which will result in the peaceful and wholesome enjoyment of one's privileges as a member of society, there should be afforded protection."

The ethics of journalism must back this opinion. There is in it no encroachment upon the freedom of the press, for all freedom demands sanction, or it will ultimately destroy itself.

Incidentally, if this problem could be settled, the chances would be much better that the Jones family would get off to the right start each morning. Junior would get his lunch, the toast wouldn't burn, and—far more important—Miss *W.* could remain in the Red Cross chapter as an accepted member.

Turkeys And Little Girls

JOHN J. HINDERS

Sheila undid the bow and hung her elfin, blue-flowered apron on its special hook behind the kitchen door. Flakish bits of flour drifted from the tiny print like wee, tumbling, silken paratroopers.

"That's from the gravy making," smiled Sheila, brightening at the thought. Mother always let her help with the gravy—anyway now, since the eight candles had been successfully "puffed" out.

Pirouetting her way across to the kitchen window, Sheila turned to watch the steam-clouds dancing around the busy stove. These foggy offsprings of the browning goodness inside the aluminum prisons were scampering about, as young things do, and by chance pranced past Sheila's window seat. The turned-up nose twitched with the scent of the particularly warm, heavy cloud bank coming from the giant cooker—"Gobbler's" coffin!

Braced against the trembling of sadness that seeped through the bright blue eyes, Sheila wandered on the slow feet of memories back the century-long days before Thanksgiving.

Gobbler had been the best playmate she'd had for ever so long—ever since old spiteful Steve got that horrid bike for his October birthday, he wasn't half the fun a brother should be. Why, Steve even teased her about Gobbler. "The Gobblings will get you if you don't watch out," he'd said ever so often.

But Sheila had felt sorry for the bird of the sad black eyes and wrinkly red chin, all out of proportion to the rest of his face. When she was very small, there'd been a toy fox terrier, but toy fox terriers aren't like turkeys, especially not sad, star-eyed turkeys that need little girls' sympathy. That was why Sheila had fed Gobbler the extra corn every time she passed the coop. She wondered now if Gobbler remembered.

. . . . The dancing steam-cloud paled out of sight, chilled by the cold-world wind outside the window. A little pout sitting at the window was all that was left behind. But even that disappeared together with the final dream-thought when mother called, "Dinner!"

Smoothing the pleat creases of her frilly white "company apron," Sheila tried hard not to notice Gobbler in his brown glory. Daddy was beginning prayers presently, and Sheila sat reverently straight.

Daddy said the "Bless us" first, and then the "Our Father"; it was in the "forgive us" part that it happened. Sheila peeked!

There was Gobbler, sunburst of yellow goodness oozing out all around and melting down his sides. She hadn't meant to look; but oh, she just hoped Gobbler would understand and forgive.

Mm, but he did look good—a "—ahem, Ghost. Amen," burst in upon her and all thoughts were lost—rather launched—in the wake of the waiting wishbone.

THE WIND

*Light leaves tugging at fragile stems,
Tall weeds flattened in servile bending,
Great trees swaying with a mighty strain—
The frenzied wind goes sweeping by.*

*Howling and roaring
With relentless speed,
Twisting and tearing
At each wearied thing,
It thunders past in a whirling mania.
The unmoving hills it cannot conquer,
Redoubling its efforts in fury,
It snatches a hawk in troubled flight,
And flings it far off its course.*

*O raging wind! why do you froth
In reckless madness thus?
How today you rush and labor,
The world tomorrow will scarcely know.*

JAMES BENDER

Irene Finds A Way

JOHN TULLIO

The train sped westward, whistling and elbowing its way across the miles. As evening was far spent, the people inside were unusually quiet, the only disturbance being an occasional cough by one of the passengers, and the endless click-click, click-click, click-click, of the wheels racing over the rails. Most of the travelers were sleeping or attempting to sleep; others were reading, and still others just thinking.

To this last class belonged little Irene and her mother, sitting toward the front of the coach. Yes, Irene's mother was thinking, and as she did, tears that came hard to her eyes slowly flowed down her cheeks and fell onto the bosom of her black mourning dress. She had been through all of it before, again and again; now she was acting it all once more in her mind. When would she forget? she thought; when would the "lump in her throat" go away? Yet she wondered whether she really did wish to forget her only son, her only child besides Irene.

She could still picture them very vividly—the photograph of the Flying Fortress and its crew, taken on the day Eddie was made a Lieutenant—the gold bar showed up so well on the picture. Then the trial flight, the crash, the terse, "We regret to inform you . . .," and finally the request for permission to bury Edward at camp because of his model life while he was training. Knowing Ed would like that, she granted this permission.

Things passed swiftly after that. She hastily packed Irene's and her own clothes, caught a train to the camp, attended the funeral, that unforgettable funeral, and now she was already returning home. Tears came to her blinking eyes more freely when she thought of the funeral, and she began sobbing louder, despite her efforts not to draw attention. "Why has God done this to me?" she wondered. "What good can He derive from this?" Grieved as she was, however, she quickly banished these thoughts from her mind since she realized how close to blasphemy they were.

Little Irene, also, was thinking, but her thoughts did not run

along the same vein as her mother's. To her all the happenings in the past week seemed strange and foreign. It all started, she mused, when that boy who had a uniform, but who wasn't a soldier, came to the house and gave mommy that envelope with the black border along the edge. Mommy cried hard when she read the letter, harder than she ever did afterwards, and when mommy told her that Eddie had died, then she cried too, because she liked Eddie. In fact, she liked Eddie better than anybody else in the world, except her mother.

Irene remembered how Eddie almost always brought candy home for her when he finished his work at the bomber plant; how they played hide-and-seek and tag together after supper, before her bed time; how he helped her blow out the seven candles on her birthday cake. He couldn't help her on her next birthday because he had to go away to the "airplane army."

Her mother's crying disturbed her, and Irene half consciously wished that the man—the one that looked like a policeman and everyone called a "portel," or something like that—would come through again. Last time he came through "hollering names" he stopped and pulled her cheeks and made mommy laugh a lot, and maybe—maybe he could cheer her up again. However, hope as she would, the man was nowhere to be seen. Something, she decided in her own childish way, something just had to be done to stop her mother's crying.

"Mommy," she pleaded, leaning over very close to her mother's side, "good people go to heaven when they die, don't they?"

"Why, yes, dear," her mother replied, half suspecting Irene's answer.

"Well, then, why are you crying if Eddie is in heaven?" came the child's query.

Irene's mother smiled, and patted the hazel-crowned head approvingly. Her smile was not a smile of amusement at Irene's lack of understanding, but rather a smile of gratitude because of the child's efforts to soothe her.

The mother's sobbing stopped for a little while after this, but as soon as she looked out of the window and started thinking again,

the tears once more ran down her cheeks. Irene eventually came to the conclusion that if she couldn't cheer up her mother, perhaps she could get someone else who could. Quietly she slipped from her seat unnoticed by her mother, and began walking somewhat bashfully toward the back of the coach.

Some of the people smiled at her, and she returned the smile, as her mother had taught her. An elderly lady with a big purse and a small hat gave her some candy and talked with her a little while, but Irene didn't think this lady would be the right one for her mother. She continued down the aisle.

Looking at all the soldiers in the train, she felt that she could tell just which ones were going home and which ones were going back to camp, because the ones going home were usually smiling, and the others weren't. She noticed one sleeping pilot, and something told her that he was the one. She knew he was a pilot because he wore little wings just like Eddie used to wear. Losing her usual shyness, she walked up to the pilot and pulled at his sleeve. He awoke immediately and began rubbing his eyes.

"Hellooooo," sang out the angel of mercy.

Expecting to hear a porter "yapping" the name of the station, or a gruff sergeant barking for his leave papers, the soldier, to say the least, was pleasantly surprised. Irene dropped all formality and expressed her wish.

"Will you come and talk to my mother?" she requested.

"Talk to your mother?" the soldier demanded with raised eyebrows.

"Yes," Irene explained, "My brother Eddie—he was an airplane pilot—died in a crash and mommy and I went up to the camp to see him buried. Now, we're going back, and mommy's crying. Maybe if you come and talk to her, she will stop."

The cadet's puzzled look changed to one of pity. He noticed the mark of sorrow in her face.

"Gee, kid, that's too bad. Is your father with her?"

"Daddy died of pneumonia a long time ago. I don't remember, but mommy told me he died when I was a real little girl."

The pilot stared into the air ahead of him, meditating. "Gosh it's tough that such a thing has happened or even could happen

to such a pretty little girl." Then, as though coming out of a trance, "Sure, sure," he replied, "sure I'll come. Just lead the way." And Irene did lead the way, dragging at his arm like a small tug-boat pulling a giant steamer.

"Mommy," she called as soon as they were near her seat, "Look what I got." Irene was as proud of her flight officer as a fisherman would be of a prize trout. Her call drew the attention of several travelers in the train. Some of them smiled and went on with whatever they were doing. A few of those who were trying to sleep sat up straight to see what was going on, then slouched down again, uninterested.

Irene's mother quickly dabbed away her tears when she saw the army pilot. "Why, what has Irene been doing with you? I didn't even know the little minx was missing."

"We've been talking," he laughingly replied, "till I wondered where she belonged. Do you mind if I sit down?"

"Why, of course not, Mr. a"

"Alding, Gerald Alding, flight officer, U. S. Army Air Corps," he ejaculated as though being reviewed by a general, and then added, "But everyone calls me Gerry."

The "company smile" that she had assumed when she saw the soldier now became genuine, as Gerry seated himself comfortably and perched the giggling Irene on his knee.

"I imagine you would get tired calling off that line everytime it is needed," she continued.

"Oh, it's easy now that I am in the habit."

To Irene's mother the next logical question seemed to be, "How long have you been in the army?" since that is what she said.

"It was three months a week ago yesterday," he went on in his usual humorous way, tussling all the while with Irene on his knee. "I was made a flight officer a week ago. I guess I must have a pull or something, because most of the other fellows are still cadets."

Irene's mother smiled approvingly. To Irene, Gerry was, by now, a hero, sweetheart, and saint, all in one. He was doing exactly what she wanted him to do. Already, as she thought, mommy

has stopped thinking about Eddie, and was even laughing again. She, too, was thoroughly enjoying herself with her new Romeo.

"Are you going home on leave?" Irene's mother asked.

"Well, I'm on leave, but I'm not going home. I never had a home besides an orphanage, and I don't intend going back there. I just visit places of interest. Right now I'm going to Chicago to see what makes that place tick."

An orphan—the very word held repulsion in her mind. Orphans were always bad boys and girls, so she thought. Yet, here was Gerry, as good as any boy, and an orphan.

"Don't you have any relatives or friends?" she asked.

"Well, no, I guess not. But maybe it's just as good. I hear that plenty of people don't get along so well with their relatives," he returned in his nonchalant way.

Irene's mother was very quiet for a full minute after that. Outwardly, she was quiet, but her external actions portrayed nothing of the vigorous activity of her mind. She was mentally struggling, trying to decide. At times she wavered, but shortly, she came to a firm decision.

"Will you be Irene's big brother?" she asked.

Swept completely off his feet by so unexpected a question, Gerry, at first, just looked. Then he looked at Irene, who was waiting for his answer. Finally, turning back to her mother, he whispered, "Gosh . . . Mommy."

The train continued to speed westward, whistling and elbowing its way across the miles.

Maritain On The Catholic Press

VINCENT J. GIESE

Jacques Maritain fulfills his business of being a philosopher by insisting "in and out of season on those distinctions of species which practical life continually likes to confuse." With several of these distinctions the brilliant Neo-Thomist offers his solution to some of the most tedious problems faced by Catholic journalists today.

A Catholic journalist is placed in a very precarious position when he attempts to write for public consumption. On the one hand, he must be constantly vigilant not to implicate either Catholicism or the Catholic Church in political or social quarrels of the day in such a way as to side Catholicism or the Church in with the particular interests of parties or classes. By way of illustration, no Catholic journalist dared in the recent national election to endorse one candidate in favor of another in the name of Catholicism or the Church.

Yet this restriction is no excuse for any Catholic journalist to evade engaging in the cause of truth in the issues of the day by remaining purely on the spiritual level in his writings. There are many errors and many truths in current issues which must be brought to the laity's attention, lest out of ignorance the laity draw erroneous conclusions concerning these, conclusions which not only could work harm to the Church but also to the common good of society. It is the duty of the Catholic journalist to point to the evils of birth control or divorce, for example, in order that the laity be informed why these are wrong and harmful to society. Our Catholics need constructive guidance along these lines. Our Catholic journalists are in a very choice position to offer this guidance.

What position, then, must a Catholic journalist take when he writes? Maritain comes to a solution to the problem with this distinction: "To speak as a Catholic having a certain earthly position, and to speak in the name of Catholicism are two very different things."

Indeed, there is a judgment of Catholicism on many of the

problems of the hour. It is concerned, however, only with certain Catholic principles or spiritual values which are wrongly conceived in these problems. Just recently we saw very striking evidence of such a judgment of Catholicism when the board of the National Catholic Welfare Council, composed of Bishops and Archbishops of the United States, passed judgment on international organization and on the proposed compulsory military training of youth in the United States.

Such judgments of Catholicism, however, will not tell the individual Catholic what position he should take in these issues. There is another judgment which the Catholic himself must make in the light of his own knowledge and Christian conscience. A judgment of this kind a Catholic journalist makes when he comments on a certain issue of the day. Most of us have read at one time or another the syndicated column of the Rev. James Gillis which appears in many of the Catholic diocesan papers. Father Gillis, an outstanding Catholic journalist, writes on pertinent topics of the day in the light of his own reason and personal convictions. No one would say that Father Gillis demands that every one who reads his column must accept his word as final or explicitly follow his way of thinking. He merely "speaks as a Catholic having a certain temporal position" for the enlightenment of the laity.

With these thoughts in mind, what about the Catholic Press? What should its position be? By the fact that the Catholic Press is specifically Catholic and is addressed to Catholics, it abides on the spiritual plane. Yet, since it closely contacts things of the world, it runs the risk of being drawn into the worldly plane and of making judgments on worldly issues as such. To solve this problem, Maritain draws another distinction: a distinction between two essentially different types of periodical. One is specifically Catholic and religious by *denomination*. The other, specifically political and cultural, is Catholic only in *inspiration*.

According to content, the first type—Catholic and religious by denomination—would contain two distinct sections. Section one, Maritain calls *Catholic Action*. This would present only the common

of theological or liturgical points of the Catholic faith. The other section, he labels *Information*. Herein would be contained the questions of the temporal and cultural order. They would not, however, be presented from only one man's viewpoint. Rather, a diversity of attitudes would be the objective in order that the readers could grasp a whole span of opinions of Catholic men on present day issues. Social and political problems, national and international interests, aesthetics, literature, arts, and science, all would fall under the scrutiny of men "having a certain temporal position."

This type of periodical, with its two distinct sections would give to the laity not only timely doctrinal information concerning the Catholic religion and a great synthesis of political and social wisdom, but also exact and objective information on the current problems of the day. Surely our Catholic laity would become informed and better able to draw truthful conclusions of their own, if a Catholic denominational paper were so developed.

Periodicals of the second type—belonging to the political and cultural order, and Catholic only in inspiration—will not speak in the name of Catholicism or the Catholic Church. Drawing their inspiration from Christian wisdom, they will try to infiltrate men's lives with Christianity. Their definite purpose is not the apostolate, but the assuring of an earthly good. As such, these periodicals will have determined attitudes on questions of the present day, and they will adopt a definite political and social philosophy. Their function will be not only for religious interests and for the good of the Church, but also for the common good of society and civilization.

Maritain rightfully justifies this type of periodical by the fact that temporal ends are in reality diverse and contrary; and that it is natural even for Catholics to form different groups on the temporal plane. What is demanded here, however, "is that they should keep among these diversities and oppositions those laws of truth, of loyalty, of justice, and of charity to which they are bound to conform their actions, not only with regard to those who share their faith, but with regard to all men whatsoever."

This type of periodical opens an entire new field of endeavor to the Catholic laity, especially the Catholic journalists. If Catholics

would develop such a vital form of the Catholic Press as this, they would indeed become a powerful force in the world in counteracting false philosophies of life, at the same time inculcating into the world a Christian conception of life. This is something that is greatly needed today.

Thus does Jacques Maritain enlighten us on these acute problems of the Catholic Press. His analysis of the problem and his finely drawn distinctions are constructive food for thought. As such, they should be pondered by us, especially by our Catholic journalists to whom these problems of the Catholic Press are most perplexing. The ideas of Maritain in this particular field of thought give further evidence to the already recognized comprehensive and extensive abilities of his discerning mind. They point once again to the greatness of this outstanding Catholic layman in fulfilling his business of being a philosopher.

I'VE SEEN CHRISTMAS

*I've seen Christmas seventeen times.
I've heard the sleighbells, the carols and chimes.
I've tasted the fruits, the candy and wine.
And I've scented the odor of Christmas tree pine.*

*I've felt the snow fall on my cold face.
And I've welcomed the fire's warming embrace.
I've shed tears and wiped them away,
Those kind of tears only come Christmas day.*

*I may see Christmas for many more years,
After the free have conquered their fears.
I may eat the feasts they ask Him to bless.
But Christmas time, no words can express.*

PRIVATE JERRY TUEFFF

On First Reading

The Confessions

STEPHEN E. ALMASY

Mortimer Adler's excellent publication *How to Read a Book*, contains a list of world classics in which is found the modest word, *Confessions*, and in brackets, "St. Augustine." *Confessions*, that simple word that attracts so many to the ephemeral literature of today, is the title of a book that mankind for over fifteen hundred years has revered, caressed, and loved. *Confessions* was written by an exuberant schoolboy of Maduara, North Africa; by an adolescent suffering from the "hellish voluptuousness of puberty"; it was written by a satyr groveling in "a forest of dark and diverse passions." It is a spiritual course plotted by a Columbus searching for truth; a *volume* of thoughts of a bishop and a canonized saint.

What makes it a classic? Perhaps the naive realism contained therein? I think not. Don Passo's *The Big Money*, Theodore Drieser's *American Tragedy*, both contain realism, naive and otherwise. Their names, however, are already being washed into oblivion by a new tidal wave of war literature. The modern world has its bookshelves brimming with confessions—human interest stories compiled by very human persons; why have they not stood the test of time?

The popularity of St. Augustine's unpretentious message lies in the fact that it is universal—universal in the universality of the readers' cry, "He speaks of me!" The struggle is not St. Augustine's alone but of all men. Its catholicity is not all. As modern true confessions wail fatalistically of some transitory adversity, Augustine's confiteor sounds the depths of human pathos and soars to the vaulted heights of ethereal joy. Augustine sings of a supernatural triumph over the vices that hold modern man in their grip. It is for the deluge of human emotion and warmth, delicate and comforting—for the ecstasy he realized finding Truth that men continue to read the *Confessions* with a tremulous awe as a sea-voyager views the now turbulent, now tender translucence of a blue ocean.

A Numidian of North Africa, with the fiery and passionate nature peculiar to people of that region, was St. Augustine. His was the training of the old school—pencil, slate, and the teacher's hickory rod. With the latter our little schoolboy was not unfamiliar. In a web of mellow reminiscence he recalls his childhood's tender prayer. He begged God that he might not again taste the bite of the piquant rod. Almost uncomfortable in his recollection of the pedagogue's discipline he confides in his God, "But when thou heard'st me not—my very parents mocked my stripes." The apathetic attitude of his parents toward their son's punishment proved more cruel than did the flogging. The wound received by his parents mockings at his neglect of school was human.

Human too was his desire for companionship. "All kinds of things gave me pleasure in their [his friends] company—to do one another kindnesses—to read pleasant books together—to teach and learn from each other." St. Augustine tells of the joys of friendly arguments that instead of disrupting their friendship cemented them in a firmer union. The desire for friendship, his craving for sensual delights, was but an endeavor to find a fulfillment of his wish, "My one delight was to love and to be loved." At last he found a love—not of a mundane kind— but one supernatural.

Augustine's chalice of happiness in his early hedonistic days was a cup filled with carnal joys fleeting sweet yet pungent of the dregs born of dissatisfaction. This saint overwhelmed himself in a cataclysm of "titanic glooms" and sensual orgies; but tasting the acrid sediment, his moodiness, his disgust, his futile clutchings at phantom joys all threw him into a vortex of melancholy and near despair. Often we find Augustine wondering whether he could live without his clandestine amours—hoping to lead a continent life. He was human and earnest. To break the fetters of sensuality he desired a union with one woman—a lawful union. Monica, enigmatical, demurred, pointing out that any marriage would interfere with the great worldly career she had planned for him. Augustine, desiring love and to be loved, reverted to the demimonde of Carthage.

It is a rather trite fact that a great many people persist through life not knowing a truth from a fallacy, a slogan from a fact, a

thing from a word. There are those who think they know and yet do not know—they are like Laocoon writhing in the entwinements of their own nature's perversities. St. Augustine was at first a believer in the false doctrine of the Mani; he dabbled in astrology, attempting to foresee, a desire of almost all humans. The subtleties of the Manichaeans' speech, their attracting appeal to reason, Augustine's refusal of recognition to any type of authority—all drew this future luminary of the Church to a rough detour, where he learned by the bumps of false logic that he was in a religion of contradictions and deceptions.

In contrast to the ordinary man's, Augustine's mind was critical, analytical. Disentangling the artistically colored yet vile serpent of illogical arguments that was being twined about him, Augustine reached a haven of truth. Augustine now knew. He had gone through the mill. Unlike the usual voluptuary who knows only the joys of the flesh and is a stranger to those of the intellect, Augustine had gone deep into all kinds of substitutes for Divine joy, and they had failed him. It is with poignant pathos that he says: "Too late have I loved thee, Beauty ever ancient."

SPRING EVENING

*Soft white clouds linger past,
Lighted by mellow moon;
Maples rustle their hazy forms
In the lightly stirring breeze.
The air smacks keen of a grassy smell
And the tang of new-turned sod.
The porch swing glides with a measured sweep;
Low voices mingle in the solemn dusk—
All is peaceful.
The countryside has come to rest
And breathes the spirit of repose.*

JAMES BENDER

A Rhymer Like By Chance

RICHARD J. REIMONDO

Even as the arts are incapable of expressing the profound reactions of the human soul to a thing of simple beauty, so too are all the formal norms and conventions of rhetoric rather inept in one's approach to such a free spirit as the "plowman poet." Probably the most fitting introduction to such a one comes from his own mouth. Nowhere in his writings does Burns more aptly present himself than when he says:

"I'm nae a poet, in a sense;
But just a ryhmer like by chance,
And hae to learning nae pretence;
Yet what the matter?
When'er my muse does on me glance
I jingle at her."

In the preface to his book "Lyrical Ballads," the "high-priest of nature" defines poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions recollected in tranquility." If we analyse this definition we find that a person must fulfill three qualifications before he can be regarded as having poetry which will receive the stamp of Wordsworth's approval.

"Poetry is spontaneous overflow—." Essentially, Burn's poems are "short swallow flights of song," and what could be more natural and more spontaneous than the short, swift, sure, soaring movements of a bird? The "spark o' Nature's fire" gives a soul to his poetry and makes it live on in the hearts of men. Pope and his classicist satellites would assuredly have been shocked had they read our poet's poetic creed:

Gife me a spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I druge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

He asks only to be educated in Nature's great outdoor school. He scorns the pedantic scholars of the age of "classicism." His one

aim is to be sincere, and to gain this end he infuses into his works a rustic simplicity which makes them more effective. His thought, though not sublime, is wholesome; his mode of expression, clear and simple.

This brings us to the second point of the "tranquil poet's" definition of poetry—"of powerful emotions." Burns's heart had been deeply scarred by the loves and sorrows of life. The one motivating force of his whole poetical existence was so to sing of these furrows in his heart as to throw open the floodgates of emotion in his readers' souls. Truly, love and sorrow are emotions, and what is more pertinent, they are powerful ones. In various ways they have been the seeds of many momentous developments in the pages of history. In the final analysis it was one kind of love that worked the ruin of Troy; it was another that struck the crimson stream from the Tree. It was sorrow that lighted the funeral pyre of Dido; it was sorrow that gave birth to the briny flood that furrowed Peter's cheeks.

Down thru the centuries men have been governed by one passion or another; and so when we come to the "Scottish Bard" it is not in the least surprising to find that he too is afflicted with the darts of love and the pangs of sorrow and disappointment.

The natural path for anyone of his lyrical propensities to follow would be to give vent to his feelings in songs that would seep into the hearts of his listeners, or take them by storm, as the occasion demanded. To attain this end with an even greater finesse he uses his native Scottish dialect. The simplicity and naturalness of honest Scotch expression give to his poems an air of peace and quietness.

Besides the expression of love and of sorrow, Burns also gives voice to his revolutionary and democratic principles. His ideal home is depicted in the telling lines of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." His feelings for democracy are ably and quaintly put forth in "A Man's A Man For A' That." In his conception, a man is what he is, not what he is built up to be.

And now we come to the third and final qualification which needs must be fulfilled by a poem—"recollection in tranquility." From his earliest boyhood days Burns was a child of the soil.

Often he would spend entire days behind the plow, alone with Nature. It was in such tranquil environments that he composed many of his songs, and we can well imagine that, "rhymer like by chance" that he was, he often accompanied the birds of the air as they trilled out their simple symphonies. Certainly, what he wrote was not just a quick response to a passing impulse. His every word sprang from a heart mellowed by lifelong intimacy with his subject. This fact helps to give the personal touch to his poems. He does not sing of the conventional nightingale or the lark, nor does he sing of the traditional majesties of Nature which the ordinary run of poets are wont to enhance with their verses.

Burns is his period's characteristic originality well exemplified. He often sings of subjects which poets of the previous period wouldn't even have handled with kid gloves. He has dedicated poems to a mouse, a louse, a mountain daisy, and even a pudding. Someone has said that perhaps the worst accusation that can be brought against Burns as a poet is a certain earthly quality inherent in most of his works. And yet this very earthliness, in combination with his tender-hearted sincerity, can be cited as the chief cause of his widespread popularity.

From time immemorial there have lived among men some who although they were human, have, so to speak, partaken of the prerogatives of the Almighty Creator. A poet, as it were, shapes an urn, "a bride of quietness," and breathes into it his own soul. Thus every true lyric is an incarnation of the poet's spiritual and mental faculties. And thus the "Seer of Chelsea" gives expression to this truth insofar as the Scottish Bard is concerned when in his "Essay on Burns" he says: "Impelled by the expansive movement of his irrepressible soul, he struggles forward into the general view; and with haught modesty lays down before us, as the fruits of his labor, a gift which Time has now pronounced imperishable."

Dreyfus---1945 Style

BERNARD W. ROYLE

"Kitchen Police," a phrase very fertile in connotative power among civilians, in the army means just this: a buck private, potatoes, and a knife—all together in one room. Then, too, the unseen presence of a terrifying, overbearing sergeant.

Now imagine the private to be little Willie Gillis, Defender of Democracy for seven days. For the potatoes imagine the unsymmetrical, bumpy kind. The knife—that abused bit of steel was so sick of potatoes that it just refused to scratch their hides. Or perhaps it was only dull. And the sergeant? Did you ever see a red-necked Irishman?

That was the sergeant—with all the qualities of a red-necked Irishman done up in the uniform of a sergeant—weight, size, strength, leather lungs, bowlegs, huge shoulders, and what-not! Whenever he left the room, the sensation of red-necked Irish sergeancy pervaded the very air for long afterwards. All the rookies felt like traitors every time the sergeant glowered at them.

The sergeant had just glowered at Willie before clumping authoritatively out of the room, leaving the traitor with his potatoes. For seven days Willie had cowered under those bristling tones, and even with the sergeant gone he squirmed on the shards of that flinty voice. For seven days Willie had been a defender of democracy in the kitchen. He had been most unjustly dumped into a rut. He sat there, his face void of expression—a machine. Curlicues of peel were dropping regularly. . . .

The only respite in Willie's days of drudgery was the noon mail, signal for which usually sounded when he had finished his morning bin. Today, however, when the letter-call blew, he had a dozen or so mean-looking spuds left. He called to his buddy, who was passing.

"Say, Slim, bring me my mail, huh? I ain't finished."

"O. K., Willie; but why the rush? Waitin' for news from your one and only?" He giggled as he left.

Soon he returned. "She musta baked a cake fer ya, Willie—he, he!" Willie, preoccupied, muttered something about Halifax and tore the wrapping from the parcel. There was a bundle of papers.

Hm! The home-town *News*; back issues for a week." A little ink-written note jiggled into Willie's sight: "See page four." Willie obediently sought page four, even ignoring the picture of the back of his father's head on the front page.

*HOME TOWN BOY
JOINS ARMED FORCES*

Who can that be? He continued his perusal. Mr. William Gillis (*O boy!*) left here Sunday on the 4:20 train for Fort Bragg. (*Whatta ya know!*) This boy is believed to have a bright future in the army (*O Boy!*) and we are sure will be a credit to the town. (*O Boy, O Boy!*) A plan was adopted in the Council this morning for the use of the money left by the late John Craig. It is to be used for the erection of a granite memorial in the Park in case of the demise of the aforesaid William Gillis. (*Gosh!*) In case of the continued health and well-being of the aforesaid, the block of granite is to be used in the construction of a new and much needed pier.

Willie didn't know what *demise* meant, but it surely sounded good. His avid, popping eyes devoured the print. He was visibly affected. Why, heck! he should have been a lieutenant already, almost. Here he was a man with all his military promise, peeling potatoes! The idea! It was an outrage! He should be sitting at a meeting of the general staff right this minute. "Boy! Wait'll I see that sergeant. I'll—"

He put the sheet down to look for the bane of his life—and there he was. Good grief! Willie gulped.

"Havin'a nice time?" The sergeant's voice dripped the milk of human kindness. Then a roar—"Skin dem spuds—Clarabelle!" The milk of human kindness had evaporated into a purple haze.

And Willie, Defender of Democracy in the kitchen, was wondering how that new pier would look.

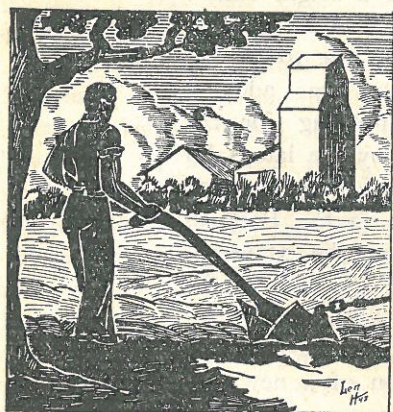
A Son Of The Soil

JAMES BENDER

In his classic autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border*, Hamlin Garland expresses in his earnest, realistic way the various emotions, vague or violent, sad or happy, that loitered or surged in his heart as he grew from sunny childhood to mature manhood. Probably the outstanding emotional strains that flow through the autobiography consist in his reaction to the joys and hardships

of farm life, in the impressions and convictions that his youth of intimate union with the soil brought to him.

Hamlin's first memories were of a wooded Wisconsin coulee. There, on his father's farm that nestled against the hillsides, he caught his first glimpse of a nodding wild flower, of a scampering rabbit, or of a sand-hill crane—a white, graceful form that lingered past in solitary, easeful flight. His father's farm was all his little world of mystery and



charm. Its every nook he studied with childish intentness; its every familiar object he colored with childish impressions. Often as the leaves exchange their deep green for a hazy black in the solemn, odorous dusk, he must have squatted on the doorstep and gazed into the broad-armed oaks, overawed by the poetic stillness.

Month by month little Hamlin's childhood universe lightened and widened. The misty dusk of babyhood brightened into sunny boy-hood. But it was not all sunshine. Season by season more responsibility was placed upon him by his father. In the summer of his eleventh year, Hamlin broke seventy acres of sod for his father on the Garland's new Iowan farm. Sometimes, when the monotony of trudging the furrow depressed him, when bitter

fall winds swept in from the north, he would long for the leisure that belongs to boyhood. Tears of rebellious rage sometimes rolled down over his dust-laden cheeks when, for the thousandth time that stifling summer day, he would have to lift the heavy harrow section to free the stubborn clumps of sod.

But those dismal days and rebellious hours were offset by the more pleasant and colorful duties in Hamlin's boyhood prairie world. For instance, there was the agreeable bustle of threshing time, with its air of festivity that lightened much the extra work and hurrying. The threshers, with their loud and cheery shouts, and joyous rivalry; the threshing machine, with its impatient hum and mighty roar; the towering strawstack, with its sudden addition of newness—all combined to make threshing days a new, romantic world for Hamlin. And then, there were those entrancing nights when, with speechless content, he listened to the threshing hands recounting their stirring tales of the frontier.

All of Hamlin's time, however, was not taken up by farm duties. Often, his sister and he roamed on their ponies over the unfenced, blooming meadows. He found a never-ending delight in exploring the wood and prairie land, with all its wild inhabitants—its hooting owls and circling buzzards, its shadowy prairie wolves and whistling grey gophers. On these delightful excursions the prairie world unrolled its glories before him. Its grandeur filled him with exultation; its lulling, pervading charm overwhelmed him with delight. How he must have loved to stretch out on a luxuriant knoll, his head resting in the delicately cool recess of the sunlit grass, his ears tickled by the tender edged blades! The solemn forest, too, with its ever new fascination, invited exploration. It was rich in hazel nuts and wintergreen, as well as mighty trees and entangled thickets that seemingly defied penetration. Oh, how the poetry of those unplowed spaces must have thrilled him! How the deep, mysterious forest must have awed him!

Hamlin was nearing manhood. His mind was broadening with new ideas and outlooks. When he was a boy, Hamlin accepted life just as it had come to him, neither hoping to escape its hardships, nor worrying about losing its joys. Sometimes rebellious

hours did come, but the resentment would quickly melt away in the sunshine of a pleasant next hour. He had unconsciously accepted his toil as the role of a pioneer of the soil. He did not pity himself, for an easy life he had never known. But now, at eighteen, as he returned each spring to the farm from school life in the shining, ever-new town, his nature revolted more and more against the stench of the cowbarn, the greasy overalls, the milk-bespattered boots. He did not mind clean, hard work, such as haying and harvesting; on the contrary, he loved the keen sense of manliness that it brought him. But too often his work meant being nursemaid to stubborn calves, or tramping endlessly in the midst of the swirling dust of the harrow. Hamlin's mind was fast filling with more romantic aims and ideals.

Though Hamlin's boyhood had not been one of ease, still we cannot say it had not been one of joy. The glamor of the meadows and woods had always been his to enjoy with the entirety and uninhibitiveness of boyhood. But now, Hamlin realized that something sweet and splendid was slipping out of his world. Nature still held her charms for him, but his enjoyment of them was no longer in the carefree manner of a child. He was now a young man. His no longer was the supple ease of childhood's imagination, nor the rich buoyancy of boyhood's freedom.

Hamlin knew that he would never plod the life of a farmer. His nature sought a career with a future more distinct and bright. Yet, he felt that he belonged to the soil and its folk. Memories of the wooded coulee of Wisconsin, of the wide and windy prairies of Iowa and Dakota, were burned deep in his soul. His childhood days often came back to him in a haze of golden beauty. Boyhood, with its mingled chorus of joyous shouts and sudden sobs, still echoed in his heart. Many summers of fierce toil in the fields, long winters of numb fingers on the pump handle, still lingered in his memory. In truth, he was a son of the soil. Gladly, therefore, he obeyed the glowing urge to depict in writing the distinctive life of the middle border.

Fierce criticism met many of his works, because they often pictured the daily grind and drab monotony of the farm, rather than the one-sided, romantic phases heretofore painted by less

courageous authors. With an indignant pen Garland pointed out the hardships and injustices of the farmer's lot. Most of his readers were shocked; some few encouraged him, for they declared that they were sick of lies—let the world know the truth!

Though most of Hamlin Garland's writings are tinged with bitterness against the western farmer's lot, between the lines can be read his innate love of nature, and a longing to relive its childhood joys. Especially in his *Son of the Middle Border* he told how his heart often ached with an illogical desire to recover and re-enjoy his vanished boyhood world. But he realized that the charm and mystery of childhood, that magical world of vibrant youth and firelight and music, could not return, save in reminiscent dream.

This dream, the recalling of deep-laid memories of his boyhood, he etched in his *Son of the Middle Border*, that the other sons and daughters of the soil, on whose worlds the shadows were beginning to settle, might for a time lift those shadows by reliving with him the sunny scenes of their childhood, and once more experiencing the charm of those deeply passionate and poetic years.

Book Reviews

The Rights Of Man and Natural Law; by Jacques Maritain; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1943, 119 pp.

VINCENT J. GIESE

When a Christian views this war-torn world, he cannot but ask, whither is civilization going? We find ourselves faced with an apparent dilemma, for the conflicting political philosophies that motivate much of today's political thinking are anything but Christian. To generally categorize these philosophies, we discover three distinct types: Bourgeois individualism of Rousseau and Locke; Communism—as a reaction against bourgeois individualism; and totalitarian dictatorships of Nazism and Fascism. As Christians, we cannot accept these. Is there, then, a hope for a Christian civilization? This is the question of the hour.

To those of us who have a deep concern for the outcome of civilization and culture, Jacques Maritain's *The Rights of Man and Natural Law* is a welcomed and a cherished contribution to Christian political thought.

With a proposal of what he defines as political humanism, the brilliant, French Neo-Thomist seems to lay his finger on the root evil of today's conflicting political philosophies, for he bases his proposal upon the reality of human nature and the human person. It is their denial of these profound realities that force us to reject the three types categorized above.

Bourgeois individualism deifies the individual. Pope Leo XIII summed up this whole error in one phrase, "Every man is a law unto himself." Communism seeks to liberate man—not as a human person, but as a collective man. Totalitarianism, in the name of the sovereign state, race, or blood, is concerned with man, too—again not as a human person, but as a material individual. What does all this reveal?

It reveals what Maritain strikingly points out, the disappearance of that which is vitally inherent in human persons and in society as a community of human persons. It reveals a failure to grasp the Thomistic distinction between the individual and the person.

In this little but penetrating work, Maritain analyzes the principles of his political humanism, and clarifies the fundamental question of political philosophy—"the question of the relationship between the person and society, and the rights of the human person." The author's own solution is a New Democracy, in which a true humanism will be the dynamic force, since it accords prime importance to the human person. This alone can effect the freedom of expansion and autonomy of persons and the progressive liberation of the human being which our three false types have sought through wrong means.

"A little book which should be part of the required equipment of every allied soldier, statesman, editor and radio commentator," writes the *Commonweal*. To this should be added, "of every Catholic college student." These are words strong enough to offset any slight prejudice anyone might have against philosophical works.

The JOCist Movement, by Henri Roy. O.M.I.; Manchester, JOC, 1944, 63 pp.

WILLIAM L. O'NEILL

Today much is being said about our increase in juvenile delinquency. As usual, from within the Catholic Church comes a new movement to counteract this evil. This mission is the JOCist Movement. It is succeeding in its fight not only against juvenile delinquency but also against Atheistic Communism and (unethical) Capitalism.

What is the JOCist Movement? It is a movement of the young workers, one which is truly theirs, created by them and administered by them but subject to ecclesiastical guidance and direction. The English word "Jocist" is derived from the French phrase, *Jeunesse Ouvriere Catholique*—Catholic Working Youth, or Young Catholic Workers.

This "miracle of the 20th century, the hope of the Catholic Church," as Cardinal Verdier of Paris called it, has a beautiful little history. Father Roy traces its history from its foundation in 1925 in Belgium by Canon Joseph Cardijn, to its establishment in the United States. Truly it is a miracle, for it is now mobilizing the youth of forty countries with the same unity of purpose. Father

Roy has divided his book into two parts, *The Problems*, and *The Solution*.

Maybe you don't know that any such youth labor problem exists, and if you do, maybe you don't realize what is being done to solve the problem. Father Roy introduces his readers to the problem, then to the solution. This widespread problem takes in the young laborer at his work, at home, and at recreation.

The solution is purely Catholic. It lifts the young workers from the mire of evil to the pinnacle of giving good example. How much good the JOCist Movement has done is only known to the reader of the *Book of Life*. However, a part of their work may be seen from the fact that this new mission is increasing and bearing the fruit of their labor.

As interested members of society, students everywhere should feel it almost a duty to become acquainted with this movement. Truly, this is a vital member of the Catholic Action program. The late Pope Pius XI said, "We offer this movement (JOC) as a model for Catholic Action." It was the sovereign pontiff who stated, "The apostle of the workers must be the workers themselves." So well do the young missionaries of the JOCist Movement conform to the Holy Father's words, that they have chosen as a slogan—"Among them, by them, for them."

The World Of Washington Irving, by Van Wyck Brooks; E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., N. Y., 1944. 378 pp.

FREDERICK J. HUNNEFELD

Van Wyck Brooks is establishing his reputation in American society both as a prose writer, and more, as historian-critic of early American literature. His *The World of Washington Irving* contains ample evidence of an understanding of a period that was turbulent from every aspect; he reveals the depths and shallows of this literature by documentary as well as critical evidence; and he pierces straight to the heart of the letters and diaries, manuscripts and notes of the period. In fine, he is polishing the brass luminaries of an earlier day, so that we may walk more surely through the golden arcade of the subsequent "flowering of New England"—to which Brooks has devoted another volume.

These two and *New England: Indian Summer* form the first three of a projected series which Van Wyck Brooks wishes to complete.

The literary accomplishments of revolutionary days are dimmed in our eyes, yet we have inherited something, the full value of which we have rather ignored. Do we know whence came "Home Sweet Home," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Rip Van Winkle, Diedrich Knickerbocker, *The Last of the Mohicans*, "Thanatopsis?" These well-known poems, books, and characters struck the first chord in American literature. They are ours, and we are glad to claim them, but they are not given due attention. That's why Van Wyck Brooks has written about them.

Literature was merely an "accomplishment" in America, as in England, in the early days, and every cultured gentleman dabbled with impromptu love verses in a very sophisticated way. Yet, for all that, the settled colonists of the American seaboard were well-read; and when Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Poe, and Simms produced their work, America appreciated its worth. There was also a goodly accompaniment of minor writers at the time, many of whom were also skilled in the arts of painting and music, and in the natural sciences. William Dunlap, Gilbert Stuart, S. F. B. Morse, Charles Leslie, Francis Hopkinson, all were painters well-known here and abroad, and John James Audubon was an ornithologist as well as painter. The whole period was one of culture—in all the arts—and Brooks does not hesitate to point out its good and evil characteristics and tendencies.

Brooks has a method of binding the lives and activities of the early American authors that certainly assists one to gain a panorama of the whole period. The reader not only meets new authors, but sees the new and old in relation to one another, to their country, to the young government, and to England and Europe. This unusual coherence makes for a pleasant perusal.

Brooks also enters the question about the sterility of the South in literary endeavors. The South closed the door on itself, and ostracized those who favored the spirit of progress, yet Simms, Poe, Longstreet, and others wrote and had their books read, though not in the South.

Another striking feature is the delineation of Poe, who possesses

a kind of esoteric genius. The story is like the figments Poe himself created.

But what will strike the reader most is the abundance of detail. The sentences are saturated with names of persons, places, and works, and the interrelation is shown; yet there are not many complicated structures, except perhaps in the opening pages, where some of the sentences become rather complex.

Give Joan A Sword, by Sister N. Therese; Macmillan Co., New York, 98 pp.

JOHN G. BOSCH

Turning over the last page of *Give Joan A Sword*, I mused upon the dynamic rebirth the little volume can grant our spiritual life. Its ever recurring theme, the power of prayer, brings home the need and tremendous effect of lifting ourselves heart and soul to God.

But fiercer pinions
Riding the air
Are the swift spirit's
Hot wings of prayer . . .

The work is a collection of poems inspired by actual travel in Europe. It is divided into six sections treating of war, an audience with the Holy Father, the joys of Marian art, snatches of beauty along the way, mysticism, and finally, friendship, the knitting together of souls with the yarn of divine love. None of the poems seems especially impressive in itself except, perhaps, the "Prayer For The Pontiff." They stand apart rather as a whole in their sensitive recording of the sights and sounds of Europe, especially Paris and Rome.

Using the paradox of the strength of Joan's sword and of prayer, the author could have done a great deal, but this thought fades out in the contemplation of a painting of the Annunciation, a statue of Our Lady, a roguish cherub, or the olive's white festoon of some Umbrian cloister wall. She preserves each small event like an embalmed lark in an Egyptian tomb.

With a man like Poe we can enter into fierce feelings; with

Thompson we can undergo agony and joy; Sister Therese has preserved a tranquility which the reader cannot always grasp. True, she ventures into topics of war, dangerous ground for any poet, but she is not so blunt as is, for instance, William Rose Benet. Rather she writes in hymn-like simplicity with, as Maritain pens in the introduction, "ardent compassion, lovely description, and unexpected surprise that charm the spirit, all rooted in a lofty peace the world cannot give." Sister Therese's expression though subtle, is simple. The reader is given little chance to test his wits. She is no Lanier, but certainly no Edgar Guest either. From her sweet and gentle spirit world, she wishes for an eternal life with

One fold, one shepherd under the sky
Each wistful sheep by His mercy fed.
Each whimpering lambkin lifted to its God.
All the tired world divinely comforted.

Life and Culture of Poland, by Wacław Lednicki; New York, 1944, 328 pp.

WILLIAM L. EILERMAN

To a reading public interested in the recent and present plight of Poland Wacław Lednicki presents a compilation of his own lectures on this timely subject. The lecturer, himself a native Pole, is in a position to give his book a familiar, sympathetic, and personal flavor. His sober thought, clothed in beautiful language, and conveyed in a neat style, gives ample proof of this.

As a penetrating study, his work requires more than an ordinary perusal. It is of an esoteric nature; consequently the first impression on the mind of a reader not conversant with modern history, especially that of Europe, is apt to be one of confusion. As the reader proceeds, however, the mist of confusion is dissipated by the sunshine of understanding; the words convey meaning; the work becomes engrossing.

One well versed in literature and history will derive delight and profit from the author's interpretation: the student of literature, for on Polish and European literature in general the study is

based; the student of history, for the history of Poland throughout the centuries has been very eventful.

The material is copiously documented with the messages of Polish bards, especially of the national poet, Adam Mickiewicz. Not native sons alone, however, sang the joys and sorrows of Poland, but poets of all Europe. The author refers to them all. He does not stop with poets; he calls upon musicians such as Frederick Chopin; upon dramatists such as Krasinski; upon soldiers such as Kosiusko. They all help him make his picture complete.

The author himself tells us towards the end of his book what his purpose is. He says, "I have tried to give a general and synthetic picture of the evolution of the political and religious ideas and of the cultural and literary development of Poland from the beginning of Polish civilization to our own day." The statement of his attempt can certainly be remodeled into a statement of his achievement.

A World To Reconstruct, by Guido Gonella (Translated from the Italian by Rev. T. L. Bouscaren, S.J.); Bruce Pub. Co., Milwaukee, 1944, 335 pp.

JAMES K. GROTHJAN

The world it at war. At the same time, each nation involved has men at home planning for tomorrow's world. Making these plans are men each having a direct interest in his own country; men who are being swayed in their decisions not by reason and the laws of justice and morality, but by their emotions; men who think in terms of revenge, money, and territorial profit. Are such men capable of constructing a future world of peace, harmony, international brotherhood, and justice?

In another country—if a few acres of land can be called a country—is another man. This personage has a direct interest in every country; nay, in every human being; yet he has no biased interest in any one nation or person. This man has been titled, "The best informed person in the world." In matters of justice and morality he is the last appeal this side of heaven, for heaven is on his side.

Lacking no essential information, freed from intrigue and bias, firmly based in justice and morality by a line of soundly experienced and eminent predecessors, backed by two thousand years of experience in all matters—who is better prepared to formulate plans for tomorrow's world? Who is this man? His Holiness, Pope Pius XII.

Ever since the beginning of the present war Pius XII has annually on each Christmas day—the day of “Peace on earth, to men of good will”—stated his convictions on what men and nations must do if “peace on earth” is to become a reality. His whole plea with all its various points he himself sums up into three words—God, justice, morality.

A World To Reconstruct is a synopsis of three of these Christmas messages. It states the Pope's plans and enlarges upon them. The style of the book is not technical, it is simple and direct in language and thought. It gives both sides of the question and by simple reasoning indicates the correct side. The book originally in Italian, has been translated into English by an eminent Catholic writer, the Reverend T. Lincoln Bouscaren, S.J. It has been published under the auspices of the Bishop's Committee on The Pope's Peace Points. The book's purpose is to warn the peace-makers against repeating the same errors of the past and to show them what spirit must animate international institutions if they are to reach their goal of preventing war and gaining human fellowship and tranquility in international life.

Now With The Morning Star, By Thomas Kernan; The Scribner Press, N. Y., 234 pp.

BERNARD K. WHALEY

If you are seeking a new approach to an age-old theme, *Now With The Morning Star*, by Thomas Kernan, may be just what you are looking for. While trumped-up charges of immorality against a Religious Order is by no means a unique theme, Mr. Kernan's treatment of the subject in this, his most recent novel, is new.

He begins his story with the dispersion of a Cistercian Order of priests and lay-brothers at the Abbey of Maria-Morgenstern in Germany. The Order is disbanded by the Reich just before the

outbreak of the present war, after its members had been judged guilty of the false charge of immorality.

In an effort to portray clearly what all these disbanded monks had to face as they tried bravely, but in vain, to confront the seemingly maddened world they had long since renounced, Mr. Kernan chooses to follow one of the lay-brothers, Brother Nicholas (Andreas Hoffman), who had spent eighteen years in the silent world of Maria-Morgenstern. The difficulties of his worldly reconciliation become so unbearable that Andreas must at length seek refuge with his former abbot, by whom, at the advice of the Archbishop, he is chosen to smuggle important papers in and out of Germany. At this, however, he is eventually caught.

Due to the declaration of war on the day of his capture, there is a long delay before his trial, but when he is finally sentenced, he is hustled off to none other than Maria-Morgenstern, now converted into a prison labor camp. After a while here he gets his old workshop for a cell, from which he discovers he could escape at any time. But on the night of his planned departure, "The Plan" of Providence breaks upon him in the form of the bombing or nearby Stuttgart. The immense fires which result make it impossible for him to go that night, and from this he takes it as a sign that he is never meant to desert Maria-Morgenstern—that he, once more as Bro. Nicholas, is to be the promise of the old abbey's future.

Thus the story goes—in all, one which promises to hold your interest to the last. While almost every specific character of situation is in some way symbolic, the meaning of the symbolism is easily recognizable. Clearly, Kernan has written directly against the Germans. Certainly no one can contest his right to do this, for few are better equipped to do so than he who spent many months interned by the Germans at Baden-Baden.

Thus in all, this book is well worth reading. And once having read it, you are not likely to forget it easily. It is entirely capable of leaving with you a lasting impression. It does not, I believe, equal the author's other work, *France On Berlin Time*, but that does not make it the less enjoyable or satisfactory.

TO THE PINE

*Mid liquid haziness I spy thee—
A misty pinnacle peering
Through fog, pierced by morning's ray,
The fog recedes from the silvered grass;
Exposed thou standest—
A tapering emerald flashing bright,
An untied thread in a moist meadow carpet,
A glistening spark of loveliness—
As the sun holds sway.*

*You shiver and shimmer
As the red sun glimmering,
Eyes with joy your swaying form—
Beam and shadow dancing together
In rich interfusion.*

*You bask in sun-laden air
That languishes lazily 'round you,
Heavy with the call of turtle doves,
Dreamy with the caw of the carrion crow.*

*Unsteady haven for a clinging chickadee,
When in frenzied fear shake thy limbs
And rocks thy grizzled trunk
In the gloom of a gathering storm;
When floods down the deluging sea,
And bend thine arms to the hard-driving wind.*

*The cool night breeze brushes past thy hair,
Past the soft silhouette of thy needle-draped boughs,
As thou dost nod, thy shadow and thee,
Under soft, silent beams of a gliding white moon.*

*Ever fresh and green thou art—
At the twittering of dawn,
The mate call of dusk,
At the hoot of the wide-eyed owl—
Ne'er lookest thou ill out in yon field,
When my eyes, with books and notes depressed,
Seek thy free and verdant form
And linger there for rest.*

JAMES BENDER

(First prize in the Pursley creative writing contest).

FROM THE FOREST FLOOR AT SUNSET

*The pale blue mantle
Is barred with boughs,
And cluttered with unpatterned leaves,
Trunks and arms, gnarled and sprawling,
Bedecked by gay-flying flecks of green,
Are changed to glowing youth,
Bright to eye and heart.*

*Flooded with sunset glory,
Treetops vie with low-banked clouds
In multi-colored array—
Glowing green and golden brown,
Creamy yellow and crimson red,
Melting together in delightful fusion.*

*Soft beams filtering down
Through the maze of leafland color
Are lost in the downy duskiness
Of spreading branch below.
The deepening twilight underneath
Is pierced by slanting brightness
Where here and there the reddening sun
Peers into the leafy hair of earth.*

*As I sit in musing mood
Upon earth's mossy lap,
Enchanting thoughts match the tinge of clouds and
leaves,
In their tuneful coloring.*

JAMES BENDER